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WASHINGTON PILLORY.

by
J. S. S. S.

WASHINGTON PILLORY.

BY J. WEBB ROGERS.

Satira prima.

"THE STAR-ROUTE" OR "CONSTELLATION OF
THE GOAT."

I court the hatred of egregious fools,
Exacting tyrants, and their petty tools—
Of cunning knaves who prey upon the masses,
With pompous villains and pretentious asses :
Then read with scowls, ye unregenerate troupe,
Behold your master—to your masters stoop—
Aye, stoop to me; and know each tiny thing,
"There's a divinity doth hedge a King."
King's crowned by Nature—honest—brave—
sublime,
The grandest monarchs on the shores of time ;
March at my bidding—in the pillory rave,
Then sink dishonored to a villain's grave ;
No prayer from woman, kindred, comrade,
friend,
To hover where your life and follies end,
No sigh of pity to embalm your corse,
Sink to your resting place with dog and horse :
Mingle your dust with these—your betters far.
Unwatched, unvisited, by flower or star ;
And up ! Your dastard soul to God's indignant
bar !

DEDICATION.

The book of satires from which the following
is taken ; I dedicate to the

Judiciary.

IN

JERE. BLACK

AND

ARTHUR McARTHUR.

To the Senate.

IN

ROSCOE CONKLING

AND

ISHAM G. HARRIS.

To the House of Representatives,

IN

J. D. C. ATKINS

AND

JOSEPH BLACKBURN.

To Parliament.

IN

WILLIAM E. GLADSTONE.

To the Reichstag,

IN

WINDTHORST.

Kings crowned by nature, honest, brave, sublime !
The grandest monarchs on the shores of time !

Behold you statesman, with portentous strut,
 His hat o'er forehead and protruding gut,
 Though Prince of fools, and leading in the van,
 He scarcely deigns to see a common man,
 But deems around him, every one a "snob,"
 Except the villains privy to his "job;"
 These clutch his arm, and win, in walking down
 Consideration from the pompons clown.
 Down the great avenue, as grooan and bride,
 They smile, and coo, and giggle, side by side,
 Till some poor soldier, eager for a place,
 Hobbles before the villains, face to face,
 Demanding bread—recounting what all know.
 His sufferings in the hour of his country's woe.
 How he, whose children now for mercy cry,
 Had slept, untented, 'neath the wintry sky,
 And stood on duty through the live-long night
 Watching the rampart—ready for the fight.
 Then sprang to battle—(for he then could spring)
 And made his shattered Limb love's offering
 To the dear land that gave his fathers birth,
 To him the dearest, sweetest spot on earth.
 They thrust him by, and keep their onward way;
 Alike unworthy of the Blue and Gray!
 Lo! a great Senator who hails from Maine,
 Waving "the bloody shirt" o'er heroes slain.
 Charley and Tom* come simpering to his side,
 Saulsbury† and Vaile—the Star Route's hope
 and pride.

Sherman, the banker, and financial curse,
 Amassing fortune with his country's purse;
 Though now retired, as greedy still for gain,
 Afraid of Hampton, but the friend of Blaine.
 Cameron comes next—no longer "O," but
 "Don."

The Spanish title of himself and Son :

* Cousins of Blaine—one of whom, having a pious "Indian Bureau," claimed \$72,000 from the poor Osages, and the other urging Blaine to "boost him."

† Another cousin of Blaine, "with whom," so says the National Republican, "the Premier had visions of the siderial pathway."

Descended from Morellos, or a Bolivar,
 At any rate, "a Roland for an Oliver"—
 "O, bloodiest picture in the book of time" !
 The widow fell—unwept—without a crime !
 Fell with poor Tilden, when Don Cameron
 went

To New Orleans ; to forge a President !
 Quoth Charley : "Senator, it takes a pile,
 To run a family like ours in style ;
 Think of a Sherman, Cameron, Ewing, Blaine,
 Drudging along, like common folks for gain ;
 Now you can help me—save a friend from
 shame,

And lend new lustre to the family name.
 That 'Indian Bureau' ran me for a while,
 And pious fools put up a jaunty pile ;
 But *Freeman's Journal* blew upon the scheme,
 And all my money vanished like a dream.
 Yet see ! I taught th' Osages how to pray,
 And every dog, you know, must have his day.
 Now they have money—help me '*put it through*,'
 And I'll divide the fee with 'Tom and you.'
 Quoth Tom : "Your speeches in the last cam-
 paign,

Were worthy of a Clay, or Webster, Blaine ;
 Though bloody as my Kansas proclamation—
 The pride and glory of the nation—
 They thrilled all hearts—E'en Democrats re-
 joice,

And hang, with rapture, on your fearless voice ;
 But serving now your friends as financier,
 You'll prove yourself a greater orator !
 The fact is, Blaine, we've bought some tele-
 phones,

On half of which, my brother Charley owns.
 Can't pay the bill, and now rely on you
 To put the telephone and Charley through."
 Thus, recreant Democrat, could you proclaim,
 At once your follies, and another's shame ;

Thus humbly you implored in piteous tones,
 Th' inventor of those very telephones ;
 (High genius on his brow—for nature scores
 Her starlight there, as infamy on yours.) * *
 Implored him to exhibit in New York,
 (Filling your purse,) his telephonic work;
 Promised one-third from all the stock you sold;
 But slunk away and pocketed the gold.
 Made up your "SECRET POOL," nor longer
 missed,

Ambition's ladder which you lately kissed.
 But genius triumphed—quick as lightning flew
 To check your telephone; and check-mate you.*
 Your Kansas proclamation ! blush for shame !
 Poor children there still tremble at your name,
 Cling to their mothers at the horrid sound,
 And shriek, with blood still crying from the
 ground.

The South regrets—the gallant North deplores
 That such a tyrant dwelt upon our shores—
 "Rebel" or "Union man"—what e'er their
 names

Each vale in ashes—every hill proclaims
Ewing more infamous than *Jesse James*,
 One, girt with armies, played a robbers part,
 Th' other with a rifle and a dauntless heart ;
 Tho' robber, far above your track of slime,
 Protected womanhood, and age sublime !
 Avenging, with a single arm, your crime,
 And carved his name above you, on the cliffs
 of Time.

In old Virginia, too, you tried your hand,
 On a great railroad to redeem the land
 Stumping with Blaine, where Washington and
 Lee,

Led up the columns of the brave and free.

* Outwitted by Wall street, he secured letters patent for a "Central office," which debarred his enemies from using, except on "*private lines*," the patents which he had sold them, as adapted to such, calling for nothing more; but had they dealt fairly he would have wrought out this "Central system" for them.

Obsequious to their sons you promised them
To dot the land with many a village gem,
And crown Virginia, with a glorious diadem !
You took their money—gave them stock for pay
Bearing their curses to your latest day.

One word, your coffin—down into it squeeze ;

“NUMORUMEXPALPONIDES !”*

Pardon digression, for Madusa takes
A wandering path, among ten thousand snakes,
“To tell the truth,” said Blaine, “that telegram
I got away with, gave us all a slam ;
And since the bribery case in Maine,
It’s hard to get upon my feet again ;
But hold ! Let’s see—a Bourbon Democrat
The chairman, Charley, I’m afraid of that,
By Jove, we’ll try it ;” which, in fact he did,
And got the appropriation for his kid,†
Down the great Avenue they move along,
In power and money—influence—family strong,
O ! Wondrous family ! Standing all alone,
But keen to speculate from zone to zone
In “guano,” “Star routes” or the “telephone.”
The “plumed knight” consoles them for their
losses,

And bids them follow close behind the
Dorseys—

To mark young Belmont as an honest man,
Daring to thwart a Premier in his plan ;
For Blaine had power to parry every blow,
Till Garfield fell, when flying from the foe,‡

* A word used by Plautus contemptuously, to designate a flatterer, who sues and flatters to obtain money.

† Quam decidisset hædus in puteum inscius,
Et altiore clauderetur margine,
Devenit Hircus sitiens in eundem locum :
Ille fraudem moliens :
Descende, amice ; tanta bonitas est aquæ,
Voluptas ut satiari non possit mea.
Immisit se barbatus Tum Hæduleæ
Evasis puteo, nixa celsis cornibus,
Hircumque clauso liquit hærentem vado.

‡ Ran at the first shot but returned to his murdered friend. Why did he not strike the villain down at the first shot ?

He linked his name forever with Guiteau.
 But let that pass for he was then the plume
 Of speculation on a glorious boom ;
 Such as his fathers knew when rising up,
 From poverty, to taste ambition's cup.—
 Great Ewing from an honest laborer's hut*
 Shermans,† shoemakers, from Connecticut
 See old Techumsie marching bold and free
 As once he marched 'gainst women to the sea !
 Sisters to her whom fortune made his own,
 That generous soul—the sweetest flower blown
 Though laid to wither on his heart of stone !
 Little he cares for guano Tom or Blaine,
 Bird-lime or other dung across the main ;
 But dreams of Red Cloud on the Western Plain !
 With diamond necklace on—by Khedive given—
 "Big Injun" dreams of buffalo in Heaven.
 Great fields of gold—his battles for the miner,‡
 And how the women shrieked in Carolina ;
 For "war means cruelty,§" the chieftain said,
 Shaking the bloody feathers of his head—
 "Papoosa's blood and Carolina's screams,
 Are coon and 'possum, to an Injun's dreams."
 Oh fallen heraldry ! No longer now
 Crispin's brave head above his last may bow ;
 Nor "honest Tom," delight in daily toil
 Where Old Kanawha's briny waters boil ;
 If one must bow, he bows his head for shame,
 Both shuddering at the mockery of a name ;
 Nor all the salt of every land and sea
 Could consecrate and save their progeny.

* Hon. Thomas Ewing, Sr., from the position of a day laborer in the Kanawha Salt Works, rose to great eminence, as a politician and lawyer.

† When Roger Sherman was once speaking, John Randolph cried out in his shrill tones, "What has become of the gentleman's leather apron?" To which Sherman quickly replied, "Cut up long ago to make moccasins for the descendants of Pocahontas."

‡ To protect the theiving miners in the Black Hills was a pretext for increasing the army.

§ General Sherman's curt defense when accused of burning quiet homes in Carolina.

Shades of departed honor ! Pause upon your wings

And gaze a moment on these little things ;
Behold your "plumed knight" above the rest,
Dreaming of dunghills, where the sea birds nest.

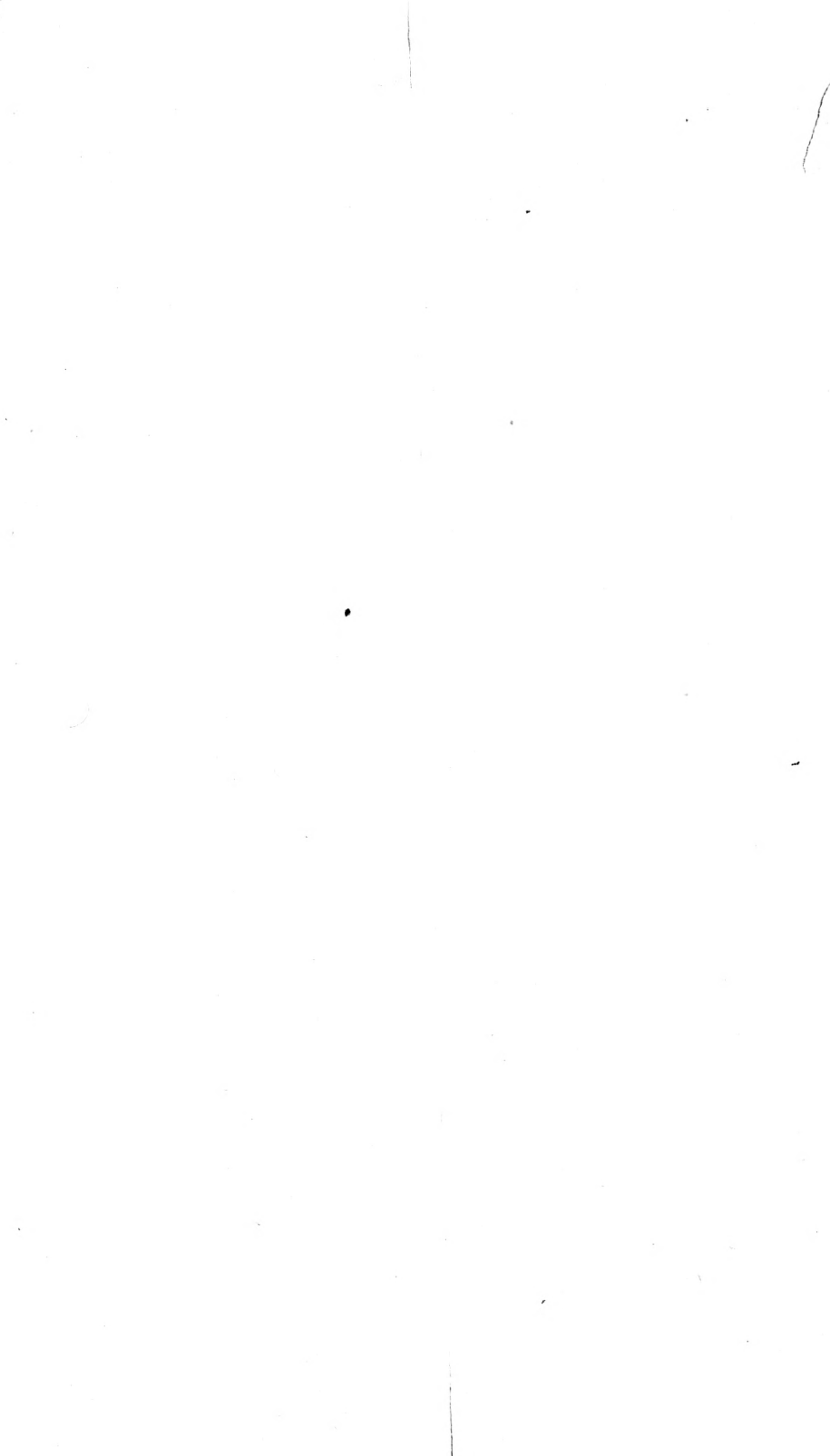
Plume of your family ! And o'er it rising,
Partly to shield, but more for advertising !
Poor Mrs. Partington ! She wondered why
God should have made the goat's tail stick so high ?

Since it reveals to folks on every side.
The very spot, alas ! 'twas meant to hide !!



NOTE.—General Thomas Ewing's monstrous order No. 11 ; under which three counties were depopulated in Missouri, was embodied by General Bingham, a gallant *Union officer*, in a painting—afterwards lithographed, which continues to thrill all generous and brave hearts—inspiring contempt and hatred for a monster ; with pity for suffering innocence ; bleeding on the ground ; or flying to the wilderness from burning homes.

These counties bred the avenging Jameses and Youngers—legitimate offspring of Ewing's barbarity !



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